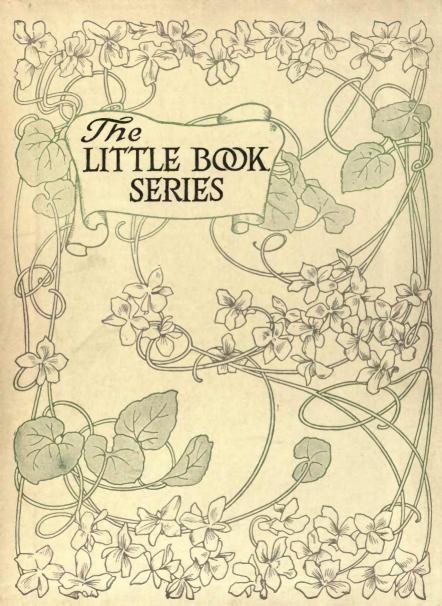
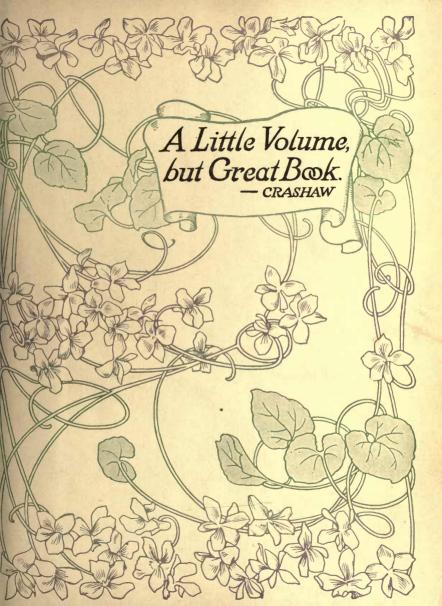
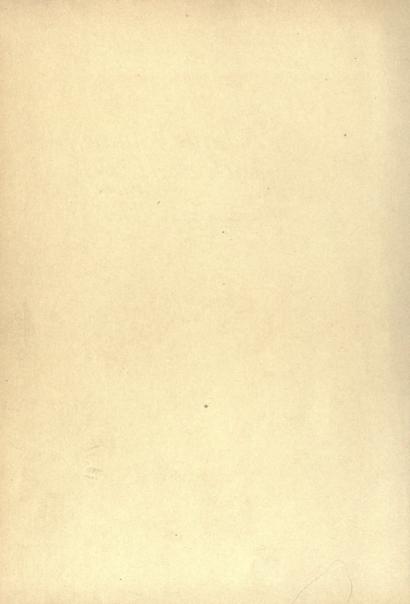
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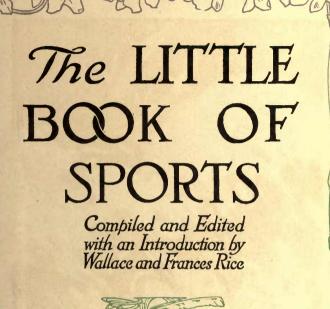














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Introduction

THE poetry of sport is modern — emphatically so. Practiced for little more than a century in England and Scotland, it has arisen in America within the memory of many still living. Until a generation ago we were too busy wresting a living from virgin soil to find the time to play, much less to write about it in either prose or verse. To-day we are beginning to notice the value of games in the open — and the sheaf of songs and lyrics which follow show the result.

Yet even now the spirit of humor which is so marked a national characteristic with us has prevailed, and our national game of baseball has found almost none who can set down in rhyme the varied feelings that it invariably arouses in its devotees. The one familiar poem is the memorable "Casey at the Bat," and it must be confessed that it has not been equaled by us for hearty humor admirably expressed. The time is coming, it may be safely predicted, when the lover of noble poetry will have his wishes gratified to the full in regard to baseball, no less than the other inventions of man for enjoyment in the open.

Meanwhile, the verses which follow do contain much of delight, much of the hearty spirit of good sportsmanship which has done so much to make the English-speaking peoples what they are.

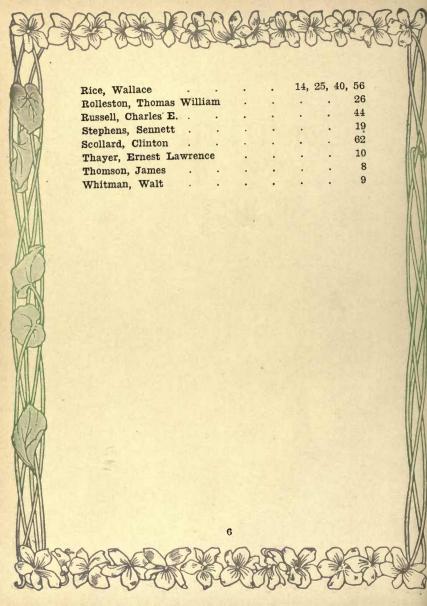
WALLACE RICE.

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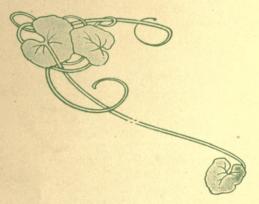
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The LITTLE BOOK OF SPORTS



Ah, what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise, of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as
day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health!

Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind:

The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,

The temperature evening falls serene and kind.

In health the wiser brutes true gladness find:

See, how the younglings frisk along the meads,

As May comes on, their joy all joy exceeds!

Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

- James Thomson.

The Little Book of Sports

The Athlete

Better than Fame, is still the wish for Fame, The constant training for a glorious strife; The Athlete, nurtured for the Olympian game, Gains strength at least for life.

- Edward Lord Lytton.

To a Football

O cubic foot of healthful sport!

A judgment cool, a courage high,

And brawn — the old Olympic sort —

Control thy zigzag through the sky.

— Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

The Runner

On a flat road runs the well-trained runner,
He is lean and sinewy with muscular legs,
He is thinly clothed, he leans forward as he runs,
With lightly closed fists and arms partially raised.

— Walt Whitman

To a Boy

Play — and play hard, for youth 's a song; Play — and play true, for age is long!

Casey at the Bat

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day:

The score stood four to six with just an inning left to play;

And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,

A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest With that hope that springs eternal within the human breast;

For they thought if only Casey could get one whack, at that

They 'd put up even money, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and so likewise did Blake, But the former was a pudding, and the latter was a fake;

So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat, For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all, And the much-despiséd Blaikie tore the cover off the ball;

And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred

There was Blaikie safe on second and Flynn a-hugging third!

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,

It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell,

It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat; For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,

There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;

And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 't was Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,

Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;

Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,

Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,

And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there:

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped;

"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

- From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar.
- Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;
- "Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one in the stand,
- And it 's likely they 'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.
- With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
- He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
- He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
- But Casey still ignored it; and the umpire said, "Strike two."
- "Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
- But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
- They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
- And they knew that Casey would n't let that ball go by again.
- The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are _clenched with hate;
- He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
- And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
- And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,

The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;

But there is no joy in Mudville — mighty Casey has struck out.

- Ernest Lawrence Thayer.

In the Procession

Spring comes: and baseball, robust flower, in every meadow 's seen;

Summer: and tennis bourgeons white upon the shining green;

Autumn: and football shakes at us chrysanthemumlike hair;

Winter: and even ice is left a-bloom with skaters fair: Four times a year the earth is glad with miscellaneous joy;

As often sighs the man who was — and now is not — a boy.

- John Jarvis Holden.

A Chinese Angler

There was an old philosopher,
In China is his fame still rife,
Who spent his days in angling, sir,
Nor used a bait in all his life:
As he explained, 't was not his wish
That he should catch a fish.

— Christopher Bannister.

Time, the Victor

The strength and splendor of the world are ours. See, how our eyes glow in the morning sun, How down our arms the corded muscles run, How youth sits on our brow like wreathéd flowers!

Health, beauty, grace, High Heaven on us showers; And deeds—such deeds!—full featly have we done; Life's laurel lies in hand,—already won! . . . Poor souls, what strifes near by surpass your powers!

No Runner hath outstripped Oblivion;
No Thrower hurled his mortal strain afar;
No Swimmer gained salvation from Time's wave;
No Wrestler his dim Future seized and thrown;
No Vaulter brushed his locks 'gainst any star;
No Leaper leapt that little gulf, the Grave!

— Wallace Rice.

Win if you can, by every means that 's fair Play for the sport's sake, and always take good care To be the best of losers, no matter when or where.

My Lady of the Links

Like Dian, her trim ankles seen,
And small feet treading lightly,
She drives the ball from green to green,
And grasps her lofter tightly.
Like Venus, her sweet lips and eyes
Above her wind-tossed plaidie,
She plays—my fortune for her prize,
Dan Cupid for her caddie.

Beth-El

Loinwise upgirded, with a leathern clout,
All stripped and weaponless, behold him go
Over the barrier, vaulting, fit for his foe,
A Man, unartificed, wide-stanced, and stout.
He breathes him, for the Champion 's coming out:
Shrill sounds the signal: springs he like a bow
Scorning the arrow See, his hold is low!
Like Death his sinews grip: His is the bout!

Thus, every man must do his fall with Fate—
Naked, unarmed, unchampioned, alone,
The odds unweighed, the issue unforetold;
Only for him doth Victory's pæan wait,
Who, in that day, shall marshal as his own
All Valhall's virtues waxed a thousandfold.
— Louis Albert Lamb.

I 'd rather be a cyclist
Than any other beast,
For though he slays he never stays
Upon the slain to feast.

It 's pleasant to remember,
While lying on the stones,
How, though you 're dead, you need n't dread
That he will pick your bones.

He comes! You fall! He 's gone! That 's all!

He does n't mind the least.

Oh, I 'd rather be a cyclist

Than any other beast.

- John Joy Bell.

The Pleasure Boat

Come, hoist the sail, the fast let go! They 're seated side by side; Wave chases wave in pleasant flow; The bay is fair and wide.

The ripples lightly tap the boat,
Loose! Give her to the wind!
She shoots ahead! They 're all afloat;
The strand is far behind. . . .

Fair ladies, fairer than the spray
The prow is dashing wide,
Soft breezes take you on your way,
Soft flow the blessed tide! . . .

The boat goes tilting on the waves;
The waves go tilting by;
There dips the duck,—her back she laves;
O'erhead the sea-gulls fly.

Now, like the gulls that dart for prey, The little vessel stoops; Now, rising, shoots along her way, Like them, in easy swoops.

The sunlight falling on her sheet, It glitters like the drift, Sparkling, in scorn of summer's heat, High up some mountain rift.

The winds are fresh; she 's driving fast Upon the bending tide;

The cringling sail and crinkling mast Go with her, side by side.

Why dies the breeze away so soon?
Why hangs the pennant down?
The sea is glass; the sun at noon, -Nay, lady, do not frown;

For, see, the wingéd fisher's plume Is painted on the sea; Below, a cheek of lovely bloom Whose eyes look up at thee.

She smiles; thou need'st must smile on her,
And see, beside her face
A rich white cloud that doth not stir:
What beauty and what grace!

And pictured beach of yellow sand, And peakéd rock and hill, Change the smooth sea to fairyland: How lovely and how still!

The parting sun sends out a glow
Across the placid bay,
Touching with glory all the show—
A breeze! Up helm! Away!

Careening to the wind, they reach,
With laugh and call the shore.
They 've left their footprints on the beach,
But them I hear no more.

- Richard Henry Dana.

The Hundred Yard Dash

Give me a race that is run in a breath, Straight from the start to the tape; Distance hath charms, but a "ding-dong" means death, Death without flowers and crape.

"On your mark!" "Set!" For a moment we strain, Held by a leash all unseen;

"'P'ff!" We are off, from the pistol we gain Yards, if the starter 's not keen.

Off like lean greyhounds, the cinders scarce stir Under the touch of our feet; Flashes of sunlight, the crowd's muffled purr, The rush of the wind, warm and sweet.

One last fierce effort, red worsted breaks, Struggle and strain are all past; Only ten ticks of the watch, but it makes First, second, third, and the last.

- William Lindsey.

- John Jarvis Holden.

The High Jump

He slowly paced his distance off, and turned,
Took poise, and darted forward at full speed;
Before the bar the heavy earth he spurned,
Himself an arrow. They who saw his deed,
Tensed muscles, poised and ran and leapt, and burned
With close-drawn breath, helping him to succeed:
Now he is over; they are over, too;
Foeman and friend were flying when he flew.

18

My Lady on the Links

When my lady plays golf there 's commotion galore, There 's a caddie beside her, another before;
And she handles her clubs with a confident ease,
For my lady is playing the game, if you please,
And gives strictest attention to bunkers and tees,
When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf you must always avoid
Any subject but golf, or she 'll be much annoyed;
For if she should let her mind wander, I fear
She would "go off her game," and you 'd presently
hear

Far stronger expressions than simply "Oh, dear!" When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf then of stance and of grip
She 's as careful as if in the championship;
And when she leaves off at the close of the day,
And her caddies are paid, and her clubs put away
(Which never occurs till it 's too dark to play),
Then my lady talks golf.

A Love Game

As in tennis, so in love,

She 's the victor easily;

Always stands aloof, above,

Smiling at you breezily.

Were but just one love game mine—

Hearts, and hers the best of them!—

I 'd be willing, I opine,

She should win the rest of them!—

Sennett Stephens.

Curling Song

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',

"Tak' care,'' quo' the wifie, "gndeman, o' yer
cough;''

"A fig for the sneezin'! Hurrah! for the freezin'!
This day we 're to play the bonspiel on the loch;
Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
For the sun on the snawdrift 's beginnin' to blink;
Gi'e me bannocks or brochan, I 'm off for the lochan,
To mak' the stanes glee to the tee or the rink.'

Then hurrah for the curlin', frae Girvan to Stirlin'!

Hurrah for the lads of the besom and stane!

"Ready, noo!" "Soop it up!" "Clap a guard!"

"Steady, noo!"

Oh! curlin' aboon every game stands alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended;

Like glass ye may glower on 't, and shave aff yer
beard;

And see how they gaither, comin' ower the brown heather;

The servant and maister, the tenant and laird. There 's brave Jamie Fairlie, he 's there late and early, Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be;

Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin' they 'll send the stanes spinnin',

Wi' a whirr and a curr till they sib round the tee.

It's an unco-like story, that baith Whig and Tory Maun ay collieshangie like dogs ower a bane, And a' denominations are wantin' in patience, For nae kirk will thole to let ithers alane; But in fine frosty weather, let a' meet thegither,
Wi' a broom in their haun', and a stane by the tee,
And then, by my certies! ye 'll see how a' pairties
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree.

— Norman Macleod.

The Yacht

Rocks smoothly in the river mouth
The rising tide; blows soft the south;
A ripple lips the land:
Reflected in the mirror bright,
The mast and canvas gleam as white
As pebbles on the sand.
The sailors trim the little yacht, and say,—
Hoist sail: the sky has not a cloud to-day.

Ah, beauteous little ship! so bold
To sail upon the ocean old,
And take it for a friend!
Your helm and chart will idle prove,
If rude winds wake the sea they love,
And Heaven no succor send.
The sailors trim the little yacht, and say,—
Hoist sail: the sky has not a cloud to-day.
— Thomas Ashe.

Golf's Cardinal Virtues

An eye that never leaves the ball,
In swing, address, in flight and fall;
A nerve of iron, calm and cool,
Unruffled as a woodland pool;
And in the heart, and on the lip,
The spirit of true sportsmanship.

- Francis Bowler Keene.

Boating Song

We sing the song of the boat and oar, Yeo-ho! lads ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! As we launch our shells from off the shore, Yeo-ho! lads ho! Yeo-ho!

With measured dip and steady clip we glide along, Our pulses leap to the rhythmic sweep that marks our song,

And all together we catch and feather and lift her strong,

Yeo-ho! lads ho! Yeo-ho!

The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
Yeo-ho! we go, so swift and free;

The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
The flashing blade and shell for me!

At Alma Mater's shrine we vow.

guide:

Yeo-ho! lads ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho!
That the laurel wreath shall crown her brow,
Yeo-ho! lads ho! Yeo-ho!
Or now we leap with bending sweep the river's tide;
For a noble class and a bonnie lass, and victory our

Who never shall wait to see us late past the line to glide,

Yeo-ho! lads ho! Yeo-ho!

The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
Yeo-ho! we go, so swift and free;

The flashing blade and gliding shell for me,
The flashing blade and shell for me!

Play for the sport's sake; win if you may; Lose like a sportsman; but, always, — play!

A Ballade of the Game

Tier upon tier, through the stands are strewn
Faces fervid and faces fair,
Banners aloft in the breezes blown,
Waving ribbons, and wayward hair.
Flushes the west with a crimson flare,
Glimmers the east like a summer sky;
Thunder of throngs in the frosty air:
Yale, old Yale, and a victory!

Joy of battle and brawn of stone, —
Pride of pain in the deed they dare,—
Yard by yard they are struggling on,
Backward the Crimson they bend and bear;
Met with the strain of a strong despair,
Into the strife again, do or die;
Till the shouts to tatters the stillness tear:
Yale, old Yale, and a victory!

Two long years o'er our flag have flown,—Years of darkness and dismal care;
Now the time of our time is known,
One short day shall our fate declare.
Each in our sorrow has borne a share,
Each has a share in the glad, loud cry
Shaking the skies with a trumpet-blare:
Yale, old Yale, and a victory!

Queen of Violets, reigning there, Spirit of strength in a violet eye, Lend us the power of thy whispered prayer: "Yale, old Yale, and a victory!"

Bow-Meeting Song

The tent is pitched, the target reared, the ground is measured out,

For the weak arm sixty paces, and one hundred for the stout!

Come, gather ye together, then, the youthful and the fair,

And poet's lay, to future day, the victor shall declare.

Let busy fingers lay aside the needle and the thread, To prick the golden canvas with a pointed arrow-head; Ye sportsman quit the stubble, quit, ye fishermen, the stream,

Fame and glory stand before you, brilliant eyes around you beam.

All honor to the long-bow which many a battle won, Ere powder blazed and bullet flew from arquebus or gun;

All honor to the long-bow, which merry men of yore, With hound and horn, at early morn, in greenwood forest bore.

Oh, famous is the archer's sport, 't was honored long ago,

The God of Love, the God of Wit, bore both of them a bow;

Love laughs to-day in beauty's eye and blushes on her cheek,

And wit is heard in every word that merry archers speak.

The archer's heart, though, like his bow, a tough and sturdy thing,

Is pliant still and yielding, when affection pulls the string;

All his words and all his actions are like arrows, pointed well

To hit that golden center, where true love and friendship dwell.

They tell us in that outline which the lips of beauty show.

How Cupid found a model for his heart-subduing bow; The arrows in his quiver are the glances from her eye, A feather from love's wing it is that makes the arrows fiv!

-R. E. Egerton-Warburton.

In Elizabeth's Day

Who would not give the treasure
Of very many lives
If some kind fate would pleasure
To let him be where Ben is
A-playing Kit at tennis,
Or playing Will at fives?

The racquet ne'er so deftly
Is turned, whoever drives,
The ball flies ne'er so swiftly
As thought and tongue where Ben is
A-playing Kit at tennis,
Or playing Will at fives.

— Wallace Rice.

Cheer when you win—but cheer the loser, too: He needs encouragement much more than you.

Cycling Song

In the airy whirling wheel is the springing strength of steel,

And the sinew grows to steel day by day,

Till you feel your pulses leap at the easy swing and sweep,

As the hedges flicker past upon the way.

Then it 's out to the kiss of the morning breeze, And the rose of the morning sky,

And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load

Slips off as the leagues go by.

Black and silver, swift and strong, with a pleasant undersong

From the steady rippling murmur of the chain, —
Half a thing of life and will, you may feel it start and
thrill

With a quick, elastic answer to the strain.

As you ride to the kiss of the morning breeze,

And the rose of the morning sky,

And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load

Slips off as the leagues go by.

Miles a hundred you may run from the rising of the sun To the gleam of the first white star;

You may ride through twenty towns, meet the sun upon the downs,

Or the wind on the mountain scaur.

Then it 's out to the kiss of the morning breeze, And the rose of the morning sky,

And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load

Slips off as the leagues go by.

Down the pleasant countryside, through the woodland's summer pride,

You have come in your forenoon spin -

And you never would have guessed how delicious is the rest

In the shade by the wayside inn,

When you 've sought the kiss of the morning breeze,

And the rose of the morning sky,

And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load

Slips off as the leagues go by.

Oh, there 's many a one who teaches that the shining river reaches

Are the place to spend a long June day.

But give me the whirling wheel and a boat of air of steel

To float upon the Queen's highway!

Oh, give me the kiss of the morning breeze,

And the rose of the morning sky,

And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load

Slips off as the leagues go by.

- Thomas William Rolleston.

The Running Broad Jump

High, high, he climbs, his dashing run
Taking him on and upward; all
His limbs and body in a ball;
And, when we thought him fairly done,
With quick unbending, forward feet
And thrusting arms, near flat he lies
Above the ground — and on he flies
To stand erect, adroit and fleet.

The Archery Meeting

The archery meeting is fixed for the third,
The fuss that it causes is truly absurd;
I 've bought summer bonnets for Rosa and Bess,
And now I must buy each an archery dress!
Without a green suit they would blush to be seen,
And poor little Rosa looks horrid in green!

Poor fat little Rosa! she 's shooting all day!
She sends forth an arrow expertly they say;
But 't is terrible when with exertion she warms,
And seems to me getting such muscular arms;
And if she should hit, 't were as well if she missed,
Prize bracelets could never be clasped on her wrist!

Dear Bess with her elegant figure and face, Looks quite a Diana, the queen of the place, But as for the shooting — she never takes aim, She talks so, and laughs so! the beaux are to blame; She doats on flirtation — but oh! by-the-by, 'T was awkward her shooting out Mrs. Flint's eye!

They 've made my poor husband an archer elect;
He dresses the part with prodigious effect;
A pair of nankeens, with a belt round his waist,
And a quiver, of course, in which arrows are placed;
And a bow in his hand — Oh! he looks, of all things,
Like a corpulent Cupid bereft of his wings!

They dance on the lawn, and we mothers, alas! Must sit on camp-stools with our feet in the grass; My Rosa and Betty no partners attract! The archery men are all cross beaux, in fact! Among the young ladies some hits there may be, But still at my elbows two misses I see.

— Thomas Haynes Bayly.

"Mark"

The heavy mists have crept away,

Heavily swims the sun,

And dim in mystic cloudlands gray

The stars fade one by one;

Out of the dusk enveloping

Come marsh and sky and tree,

Where erst has rested night's dark ring

Over the Kankakee.

"Mark right!" Afar and faint outlined
A flock of mallards fly,
We crouch within the reedy blind
Instantly at the cry.
"Mark left!" We peer through wild-rice blades,
And distant shadows see,
A wedge-shaped phalanx from the shades

"Mark overhead!" A canvas-back!
"Mark, mark!" A bunch of teal!
And swiftly on each flying track
Follows the shotgun's peal;
Thus rings that call, till twilight's tide
Rolls in like some gray sea,
And whippoorwills complain beside
The lonely Kankakee.

Of far-off Kankakee.

- Ernest McGaffey.

The Lawn-Tennis Player

Fearful to lose our little place,
We dare not venture far
To welcome others of our race,
Men of the self-same star.

Eager to win beyond our ranks,
We trample others down,
And pressing o'er them murmur thanks,
Our eyes upon the crown.

And yet we bear no enmity;
"It's life," we sadly say;
"We would be genial, open, free
To all men as the day.

"This armor that doth make us safe,
This visor to the eye,
We feel their weight, we feel them chafe,
We fain would put them by."

And when we come to our green field,
Far from the strife of town,
Forthwith in gentleness we yield
And lay that armor down.

The touch of flannels to our skin,
Of grass beneath our feet,
Of sun at throat may help us win
Safe past the judgment seat.

- Arthur Stanwood Pier.

The Hammer Throw

We are the children of the strong god, Thor;
We hurl his hammer through the hollow sky;
No task is this for feeble hands to try:
This is the sport than men and gods adore.

A giant race are we, who each in turn
Step in the magic circle's narrow ring,
Around our heads the old god's hammer swing,
And send it whirling where the sunbeams burn.

Our fingers twine the handle tightly round,
Firm as a mountain oak we plant our feet,
With one long breath, filling each cell complete,
We lift and swing the dead weight from the ground.

Around our heads we swing with quickening speed,
The hot blood pressing in each swollen vein,
Each muscle corded with its mighty strain,
The handle bending like a river-reed.

A step, a turn, and staggering, we hurl
The heavy hammer whistling through the air;
We watch it in the sunbeams fly and flare;
We see it settle, with a thud and whirl.

All can not win; our giant game is o'er;
'T is better to be last in such a test,
Than in a little sport to rank the best;
We are the children of the strong god, Thor.

— William Lindsey.

Hockey

When you hack a fellow's shin,
Say "Sorry,"
Or his ankle or his chin,
Say "Sorry":
If their right wing is too fast,
And you see him flying past,
Should you trip him, and he 's grassed,
Say "Sorry."

When the ball is thrown from "touch,"
Mark your man;
"Mark the ball," you say? Not much,
Mark your man;
Whirl your cudgel in the air,
Anyhow and anywhere,
On any spot that 's bare
Mark your man.

When their forwards get away,
Shout "Sticks";
But if your side scores, then they
Shout "Sticks":
Sometimes, of course, you call
"Offside," some times "Hand ball,"
But better far than all
Shout "Sticks."

Knock corners off the foe,
That 's hockey,
And pay back what you owe,
That 's hockey.
Round the goal the wounded sit,

And the language they emit Is — well, suitable and fit For Hockey!

A Song of Handball

Smooth and square and dry the wall; White, elastic, round the ball; Two on that side, two on this; Two hands each to hit or miss, Two hands each to hit or miss, What more need we to possess, Two good hours of happiness.

Send the "service" slow and high; Hold your tongue, and mind your eye; Run and twist, and duck and dance; Volley, when you see your chance— Volley, when you see your chance. Hit them hard, and hit them low, Thus your score will upwards go!.

Oft in life you 'll meet with knocks 'Gainst a harder pepper-box; Fingers scraped and fingers bruised; Balls and player roughly used, Till cut down, or slow or fast, Into dead man's hole at last!

So let Fives its lessons teach: Hit all balls with your reach; If you fail for want of pluck, Don't abuse your rival's luck! Every one can win who tries, For the struggle is the prize.

- A. C. Ainger.

The Swimmer's Joy

Who would linger idle. Dallying would lie. When wind and wave, a bridal Celebrating, fly? Let him plunge among them. Who hath wooed enough, Flirted with them, sung them! In the salt sea-trough He may win them, onward On a buoyant crest, Far to seaward, sunward, Oceanborne to rest! Wild wind will sing over him. And the free foam cover him, Swimming seaward, sunward, On a blithe sea-breast! On a blithe sea-bosom Swims another, too. Swims a live sea-blossom, A grey-winged sea-mew. Grape-green all the waves are, By whose hurrying line Half of ships and caves are Buried under brine: Supple, shifting ranges Lucent at the crest With pearly surface changes Never laid to rest; Now a dipping gunwale Momently he sees, Now a fuming funnel, Or red flag in the breeze.

Arms flung open wide, Lip the laughing sea: For playfellow, for bride, Claim her impetuously! Triumphantly exalt with all the free. Buoyant, bounding splendor of the seal And if while on the billow Wearily he lay. His awful wild playfellow Filled his mouth with spray. Reft him of his breath, To some far realms away He would float with Death: Wild wind would sing over him. And the free foam cover him. Waft him sleeping onward. . Floating seaward, sunward, All alone with Death: In a realm of wondrous dreams . And shadow-haunted gleams.

--- Roden Noel.

The Yachtsman

He wore a suit of blue, and a badge upon his cap,
And he liked to keep a pair of glasses handy;
He was lounging on the pier, when I met the dainty
chap,

(He wore a suit of blue, and a badge upon his cap).

When I saw him on the boat, and the sails began to flap,
He was asking where the skipper kept the brandy.

He wore the suit of blue, and the badge upon his cap,
But he thought it best to keep a — basin handy.

—Coulson Kernahan.

To a Golf Ball Before a Match

Little sphere from out the tissue peeping, White as snows that on tall summits lie, Fickle chance consigned you to my keeping, We to-day are playmates, you and I.

Soon your glossy surface geometric

May be seamed by some unsightly scar;

For your beauty, sleek, smooth, and symmetric,

Pitiless, my polished clubs must mar.

Can I guide you past the perils lurking
In the hazards and the bunker's yawn,
Stroke by stroke my winning way well working
Onward to the home hole's level lawn?

In your dark elastic substance hiding, Brought from mystic Asia's far Malay, Is there not some potent charm abiding That will lead me on to perfect play?

Faithful index, every stroke recording,
Cynosure of every eye you 'll be.

Lead the way, my practice well rewarding,
Fortune wing you on to victory!

— Francis Bowler Keene.

Compensation

For when the breeze in merry Maytime blows And, merrier maid beside, our hero goes Forth to his tennis, is not payment given For football dangers and November snows?

Lament of the Unathletic Maiden

I 'm born a century late,
And I 'm utterly out of my sphere;
My ideas are all out of date,
And so are my talents, I fear.

I used to play tennis, and row,
And take a mild walk with a friend;
But now all my pleasures must go,
All my simple delights have an end.

'T is only the crews that may row, And I,—I belong to no crew; My methods in tennis are slow, And not scientific, nor new.

But walking,—it surely remains?

No, there 's the pedestrian band,
That wanders all over the plains,
And climbs every hill in the land.

And what 's a poor maiden to do
Who 's not athletic at all,
Who 's no time to row on a crew,
Or learn scientific baseball?

— Isabella Campbell.

Where there 's keenness

For sport, there's little likelihood

Of a man's displaying meanness.

— Robert Browning.

To an Athlete Dying Young

The time you won your town the race We chaired you through the market-place; Man and boy stood cheering by, And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come, Shoulder-high we bring you home, And set you at your threshold down, Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away From fields where glory does not stay, And early though the laurel grows It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut Cannot see the record cut, And silence sounds no worse than cheers After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout Of lads that wore their honors out, Runners whom renown outran And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade, The fleet foot on the sill of shade, And hold to the low lintel up The still-defended challenge cup.

And round that early-laureled head Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead, And find unwithered on its curls

The garland briefer than a girl's.

— Alfred Edward Housman.

Zermatt: To the Matterhorn

Thirty-two years since, up against the sun,
Seven shapes, thin atomies to lower sight,
Laboringly leaped and gained thy gabled height,
And four lives paid for what the seven had won.
They were the first by whom the deed was done,
And when I look at thee, my mind takes flight
To that day's tragic feat of manly might,
As though, till then, of history thou hadst none.

Yet ages ere men topped thee, late and soon

Thou watch'dst each night the planets lift and
lower;

Thou gleam'dst to Joshua's pausing sun and moon,
And brav'dst the tokening sky when Cæsar's power
Approached its bloody end: yea, saw'st that Noon
When darkness filled the earth till the ninth hour.

— Thomas Hardy.

Keep Your Temper

Whatever you play,
Keep your temper in hand.
There is nothing you say,
Whatever you play,
That will get you your way
Like a speech that is bland;
Whatever you play,
Keep your temper in hand.

- Oliver Marble.

A "Rise"

Under the shadows of a cliff
Crowned with a growth of stately pine
An angler moors his rocking skiff
And o'er the ripple casts his line,
And where the darkling current crawls,
Like thistledown the gay lure falls.

Then from the depths a silver gleam
Quick flashes, like a jewel bright,
Up through the waters of the stream,
An instant visible to sight —
As lightning cleaves the somber sky
The black bass rises to the fly.
— Ernest McGaffey.

The College Athlete

Statue-like standeth he forth, quick, elate,
Sculptured from living flesh, and closely planned
As any marble from the sculptor's hand
In poise and posture, stature, form, and weight;
Thoughtful months, too, are in his making: Fate,
Win he or lose, here is not blind; command
Is laid that sinew and brain understand:
One fine tool, calculated, delicate.

Yet art sufficeth not. To gain his end
With glory Soul must be; the selflessness
Which bringeth sparks from Paradise to earth,
Muscle and mind to kindle and transcend;
Some high ideal he shall not confess,
Such as hath given martyrs mortal birth.

— Wallace Rice.

A Ballade of Lawn Tennis

Some gain a universal fame By dint of pugilistic might: To some all sports seem very tame Except a fierce and fistic fight: Some love the tourney, too, in spite Of ancient armor, helm, and crest. Where knights are smitten and do smite -I like the Came of Tennis best.

Some love to take a gun and aim At pretty birdlings in their flight: Some also think it is no shame To make poor trout and pickerel bite; Some chase the deer from morn till night -I like not such a bloody quest. My sport is harmless, pleasant, light -I like the Game of Tennis best.

Some for the ancient, royal game Of golf. Arrayed in colors bright They 'll play until they 're sore and lame A frenzy without justice, quite. Baseball and football may have right. Polo and cricket and the rest Of sports too many to recite -I like the Game of Tennis best.

Queen of the Court, my skill is light In rhyming, but, perhaps, you 've guessed Why this ballade I thus indite -I like the Game of Tennis best. - Franklin P. Adams.

The Cry of the High Hurdlers

With bodies bowed, with breath drawn in, We 're waiting for the sound; Our hot hearts shake the start to make And leave the clinging ground.

We 're coming, coming, coming, like the old Olympics fleet,

For we 've sworn to smash the record in the race:

And we 're leaping, leaping, leaping, like the hunters in a chase,

And we spurn the heavy ground with flashing feet.

The pistol cracks; we burst our bounds, We 're working arms and feet; Our heads go back as on the track We stretch fresh racers fleet.

The hurdles lift their menace high Like walls to break our flight; We mount the air, a hidden stair, And shoot their easy height.

And now we feel the final pull —
A triple struggle hot;
We catch the cries, we feel the eyes,
We 'hit her up' a jot.

We spurt as one, we rise abreast, Like horses o'er a hedge; We hear the cry: "A tie, a tie!"
We 'll drink to each a pledge.

We 're coming, coming, coming, like the old Olympics fleet,

For we 've sworn to smash the record in the race;

And we 're leaping, leaping, leaping, like the hunters in the chase,

And we spurn the heavy ground with flashing feet.

- Horace Spencer Fiske.

Football

With heaving chest and wildly tossing hair,
The ball hugged tightly, down the field he goes;
The skillful blockers check opposing foes—
Another touchdown—cheering shakes the air.

For college honor strive the athletes there,
And by that spirit urged, care not for blows;
Each man with eagerness his prowess shows
That he in hard-won victory may share.

Chivalric days mayhap have passed away,
And sound of clashing steel in knightly strife;
More peaceful times are now our happier lot.

Yet may such contests never lose their sway,
Where brain and muscle equally are rife,
And manly virtues to perfection brought!
—— Arthur Amsden Macurda.

In a Single Gig

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

By winding shore and willowy screen,

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

Across tree-shadows gray or green,

By shelving beach of crinkling sand,

And deeps where drowsing cattle stand;

By meadow's rim, by mill-wheel's brim,

By white vine-suited cottage trim,

And where the red vine-clusters peep,

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

And the strong white eddies leap
Where the broad blades run in the burning sun
With their sweep — sweep — sweep —

By mouldering pier-heads that still keep
Their watch and ward on silent streams,
By grand-dams in wide doors asleep
And dreaming who shall say what dreams;
And further in cool breaths of pine
That taste like some old-vintaged wine,
Where scarce one ray of the saffron day
Through the arch of the incense shrine makes way,
Where the shadowy walls an echo make
To the sweep—sweep—sweep—
And the dancing globes in my wake
Of tree-top line and gold-leaf shine
The tinted image take.

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

Now where great domes of cloud-land drift,

Sweep — sweep — sweep —

Now where long shafts of sunlight sift,

Through blue and white and golden brown, Where sloping fields of the wheat come down, Where through burnt fume of summer bloom The slender village steeples loom Or broken lie in the bow-wave's curl,

Sweep — sweep — sweep —
And the face of a country girl
Round-eyed and brown from the bridge looks down
To watch the foam-wreaths whirl.

Sweep — sweep — sweep —
The oar rings true like a crystal bell;
Sweep — sweep — sweep —
The rushes lie in the tiny swell;
And the treble tinkling of the song
Up where the keen prow shears along
Keeps tune and time with the plashing chime,
Keeps note for note with the sterner rhyme
Of the grumbling gear of the sliding seat.

Sweep — sweep — sweep — And beneath the hard-pressed feet The ripples rise, the slim bow flies To the song of the sliding seat.

- Charles Edward Russell.

In vivid May and rustling June
When breeze's breath is like a tune,
Oh, where can life be free?
Where swings the bat,
Where shoots the ball,
Where rings the umpire's sudden call,
And curve and catch must settle all—
Upon the diamond.

- Horace Spencer Fiske.

The Joys of Fowling

Of all the joys that sporting yields,
Give me to beat the stubble fields
Quite early in September:
A brace of pointers, staunch and true,
A gun that kills whate'er I view,
I care not whether old or new,
Are things one must remember.

Old Ponto makes a famous point,
As marble stiff, in every joint.
I cautiously proceed,
When quickly up the covey fly—
Bang, bang—both barrels then I try—
And lo! a brace before me die,
The shooter's richest meed.

If hares I want for friends in town,
I can tell where to knock them down,
Within the furze-bush cover.
A leash I bag, then homeward go,
My spirits all in joyous flow,
And more delight, I 'm sure, I know,
Than doth a beauty's lover.

In wintry woods, when leaves are dead,
And hedges beam with berries red,
The pheasant is my spoil.
Fenced with high gaiters out I go,
And beat through tangled bushes low;
Each joy of mine my spaniels know,
Though wandering many a mile.

At night returned, my bag well filled,
Perchance four brace of pheasants killed,
I sit me down in peace,
And envy not ambition's cares,
Nor e'en the crown a monarch wears,
Such joys as mine he seldom shares—
Oh, may the joy ne'er cease.

Basketball at Bryn Mawr

An amphitheater built when Nature wrought her will, Curve upon curve—a glinting, grass-grown citadel; A tawny hollow worn by many a well-fought rout, And there a vivid, changing maze wreathes in and out.

The lithe young figures, with their striving, joyous strength,

Entwined, rock to and fro in all their supple length;
Bright in October scarlet, gay in forest green,
They run like scurrying leaves, wind-blown through
Autumn's scene.

Here, first, a struggling knot will waver, swerve, and form;

There, then, it breaks, like scattering clouds before a storm;

Wrenched bravely out with strength of straight young arms, the ball

An instant hovers buoyant, high above them all.

— Ethel le Roy de Koven.

Do your best; don't trust to luck; Keep yourself out of the ruck; Lose with smiles, and win with pluck.

The Boy in Yellow

When first I strove to win the prize,
I felt my youthful spirits rise;
Hope's crimson flush illumed my face,
And all my soul was in the race.
When weighed and mounted, 't was my pride,
Before the starting-post to ride;
My rival 's dressed in red and green,
But I in simple yellow seen.

In stands around fair ladies swarm,
And mark with smiles my slender form;
Their lovely looks new ardor raise,
For beauty's smile is merit's praise!
The flag is dropped—the sign to start—
Away more fleet than winds we dart,
And though the odds against me lay,
The boy in yellow wins the day!

Though now no more we seek the race, I trust the jockey keeps his place; For still to win the prize, I feel An equal wish, an equal zeal: And still can beauty's smile impart Delightful tremors through this heart: Indeed I feel it flutter now—
Yes, while I look, and while I bow!

My tender years must vouch my truth—
For candor ever dwells with youth;
Then the sage might well believe,
A face—like mine—could ne'er deceive.

If here you e'er a match would make, My life upon my luck I 'll stake; And 'gainst all odds, I think you 'll say, The boy in yellow wins the day.

The Golfer's Big, Big D

I drove a golf ball into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a word into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For who has sight so keen and free That it can follow a big, big D?

A short time afterward on the green
I found that golf ball round and clean;
And the word from beginning to end
I heard again from the lips of a friend.

— Greville E. Matheson.

Of Skating

She 's just at my back, and
She sees me, I 'm certain.
I 'll show I 'm a crack hand;
She 's just at my back, and—
But something goes crack, and
I 'd best draw the curtain;
She 's just at my back, and
She sees me, I 'm certain.

- Coulson Kernahan.

Upon the Diamond

- The sunlight pours a golden flood across the grassy field,
- As up against a cloudless sky the grand stand throws its shield;
- The umpire tosses out the ball, the batter takes his stand;
- The catcher snugly fits his mask; the pitcher twirls his hand,
- And the new white sphere goes twisting like a bullet from a gun,
- And the crowds upon the bleachers settle down to see the fun.
- Three times the batter hits the air in lieu of the whirling ball,
- And takes his seat with a heavy look at the umpire's final call;
- The second pounds a liner straight that beats him to the base;
- The third sends up a flier that seems made for climbing space —
- Yet the center softly takes it in without the least distress,
- And the hopeful "ins" have a whitewashed stone on the road to hard success.
- Then the "outs" use all their brain power to find the little curve,
- And they learn that this is a little thing that can't be found by nerve;
- For the sullen ball and the angry bat don't seem inclined to meet,

And never an eager batter has a chance to use his feet. So the sides keep swinging back and forth, with now and then a hit,

But without a single fought-for score to either's benefit

Then the ninth -- it opens hotly with a triple-bagger crack,

And the runner makes the bases like a racer round the track;

Till the catcher's fumble brings him in amid the roaring cheers,

And the hopes of half the people change to soul-depressing fears;

For the aliens have a tally safe and the home team has an O,

And only half an innings left to beat the foreign foe!

Now two are out; the third leads off with a dainty little bunt,

And the hardest hitter plants his feet to meet the battle's brunt.

Lo! through the sky and over the fence the ball goes climbing fast,

While the pair of runners touch the plate amid the blare and blast;

And the people, standing, lift his praise on the wave of a mighty cheer,

As the jubilant team on their shoulders bear the winner of the year!

- Horace Spencer Fiske.

If the joy of the game be your first and best aim You can stand being beaten; for, after all, fame is a torch that you never can long keep aflame.

With Good Steel Ringing

When the wan white moon in the skies feels chilly,
And wraps her round with a rifting cloud;
When the poplar stands like a monster lily,
That swings and sways in a silvern shroud;
When you don't get up with the lark at dawning,
But snooze and slumber till twelve instead,
And vow by the fire in the evening yawning,
'T is really too chilly to go to bed;
Sing Tan-tarra-ti,

A-skating we hie, Where good ice bends 'neath a frosty sky.

The jolliest sport in the world, say I!

There are tiny waists you may put your arm round (Don't attempt it on land — that 's all!),

And white warm hands you may clasp till charm-bound,
(Just in case they should chance to fall);

There are tresses trailing and bright eyes glowing,
Lips that laugh when you lend a hand,
And dainty ankles they can't help showing
(Quite by accident — understand!),
Sing Tan-tarra-ti,
A-skating we hie,

As a yacht that bends with the wind's wild wooing,
And dips white wings in the waves that swirl,
We bound and bend with a glad hallooing,
We curve and circle and wheel and whirl:
As a ship that sweeps with her wet sail swinging
When storms are spent past the harbor bar,
We glide erect then, with good steel ringing,

We skim like swallow or shoot like star.
Sing Tan-tarra-ti,
A-skating we hie,
Like curlew winging we wheel or fly.

You may chant of cricket and tell of tennis,
Or yarn of yachts, till you both get warm;
You may talk of travel, and Rome and Venice,
And brag of boating or croquet's charm;
But summer has gone, and, with all your prating,
The grapes are sour, for they hang too high:
So hurrah for winter, hurrah for skating,
The jolliest sport in the world, say I!
Sing Tan-tarra-ti,
A-skating we hie,
With the good steel ringing like wind we fly.
— Coulson Kernahan.

The Pole-Vaulter

Balancing 'twixt earth and sky
Unto you an instant 's given
Shared with birds that soar and fly
In and from the vaulting heaven.

With a grace deliberate

That firm wand in hand retain you:

As a ladder starward set,

Yet a bond on earth to chain you.

Then: an agile twist and weave Onward, upward, and you hover Hawk-like, as the rod you leave Instantly, and down — you 're over!

A Song of Life and Golf

The thing they ca' the stymy o' 't,

I find it ilka where!

Ye 'maist lie deid — an unco shot —
Anither's ba' is there!

Ye canna win into the hole
However gleg ye be,

And ay, where'er my ba' may row,
Some limmer stymies me!
Somebody stymying me,
Somebody stymying me;
The grass may grow, the ba' may row;

I lo'ed a lass, a bonnie lass,
Her lips an' locks were reid;
Intil her heart I could na pass:
Anither man lay deid!
He cam' atween me an' her heart,
I turned wi' tearfu' e'e,
I could na loft him, I maun part,
The limmer stymied me!

Some limmer stymies me.

I socht a kirk, a bonny kirk,
Wi' teind, an' glebe, an' a',
A bonny yaird to feed a stirk,
An' links to ca' the ba'!
Anither lad he cam' an' fleeched,
A convartit U. P.,
An' a' in vain ma best I preached,
That limmer stymied me!

It 's ay the same in life an' gowf,
I 'm stymied late an' ear',

This warld is but a weary howf,

I 'd fain be itherwhere;

But whan auld Deith wad hole ma corp,
As sure as deith ye 'll see

Some coof has played the moudiewarp,
Rin in, an' stymied me,
Somebody stymying me,
Somebody stymying me,
The grass may grow, the ba' may row;
Some limmer stymies me.

- Andrew Lang.

The Bather

I saw him go down to the water to bathe; He stood naked upon the bank.

His breast was like a white cloud in the heaven, that catches the sun;

It swelled with the sharp joy of the air.

His legs rose with the spring and curve of young birches;

The hollow of his back caught the blue shadows:

With his head thrown up to the lips of the wind; And the curls of his forehead astir with the wind.

I would that I were a man, they are so beautiful; Their bodies are like the bows of the Indians; They have the spring and grace of bows of hickory.

The beauty of a man is so lithe and alive and triumphant,

Swift as the flight of a swallow and sure as the pounce of an eagle.

- Richard Hovey.

Song of the Swimmers

O fair as love
In the blue above
The silvery sun-clouds bleach,
In the blue below
The white-caps' snow
Turns gold along the beach;
Bright ripples run
Against the sun
Before the soothing breeze,
And dear the tone
O' the summer moan
By the smiling summer seas!

If sweet the draught
From well-springs quaffed
To dry and thirsty throats,
Thrice cool and sweet
Are the waves that greet
The swimmer as he floats;
Though soft the mesh
Against the flesh
Of silken sash and sleeve,
Yet softer far
The garments are
That yelvet waters weave:

For weary heads
On sleepless beds
A couch of ease they lie—
No anodyne
Can match this wine
That sparkles to the sky;

At trick and trade,
Gold lost or made,
Who lingers in his sweat,
When sea and star
Call from afar
To live — and to forget?

The great gales blow,
And high and low
The sea their lilies wreathe,
And rollers lift
Their sheer spindrift
Where waters strive and seethe;
The lunging surge
The swimmers urge,
Compellers of the brine,
And stroke on stroke
Win through the smoke
O' the breakers' battle line.

The city ways
Make weary days,
And weary brains they make,
And city roads
Hold heavy loads,
And heavy hearts they break;
But light as air
Our bodies there
At Ocean's laughing lip,
When in the comb
Of bubbling foam
The merry swimmers dip.

— Wallace Rice.

A Golfer's Elegy

Beneath these rugged elms, that maple's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his last, eternal bunker laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Oft to the harvest did their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke—

Ah, but they had no mashies then to wield,

They never learned to use the Vardon stroke.

The poor old souls, they only lived to toil,

To sow and reap and die, at last, obscure;

They never with their niblicks tore the soil—

How sad the golfiess annals of the poor!

The pomp of power may once have thrilled the souls
Of unenlightened men — to-day it sinks
Beneath the saving grace of eighteen holes!
The paths of glory lead but to the links.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart that would have quickened to the game;

Hands that the lovely baffy might have swayed,

To Colonel Bogey's everlasting shame.

Full many a hole was passed by them unseen,

Because no fluttering flag was hoisted there;
Full many a smooth and sacred putting-green
They tore up with the plow, and did n't care.

Some village Taylor that, with dauntless breast, Could whang the flail or swing the heavy maul; Some mute, inglorious Travers here may rest, Some Harriman who never lost a ball.

Far from the eager foursome's noble strife
They leveled bunkers and they piled the hay,
Content to go uncaddied all through life,
And never were two up with one to play!

No further seek their hardships to disclose,

Nor stand in wonder at their lack of worth;

Here in these bunkers let their dust repose—

They did n't know St. Andrews was on earth.

— Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.

Cricket Triolets

I ran for a catch,
With the sun in my eyes, Sir;
Being sure at a "snatch,"
I ran for a catch; . . .
Now I wear a black patch,
And a nose such a size, Sir!
I ran for a catch,
With the sun in my eyes, Sir.

I stepped in to drive,
And the umpire said "Out, Sir!"
Being last to arrive,
I stepped in to drive,
For we wanted but five,
And had made them, no doubt, Sir;
But I stepped in to drive,
And the umpire said "Out, Sir!"
— Coulson Kernahan.

The Angler

Oh! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any:
'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 't is beloved by many:

Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is!
For our skill
Breeds no ill

But content and pleasure.

When we please to walk abroad For our recreation; In the fields is our abode,

Full of delectation;
Where, in a brook,
With a hook,—
Or a lake,—
Fish we take;
There we sit,
For a bit.

Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too;

None do here Use to swear; Oaths do fray Fish away; We sit still And watch our quill: Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Makes our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where — in a dyke,

Where — in a dyke,
Perch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour Under a green willow, That defends us from a shower, Making earth our pillow;

Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

- John Chalkhill.

To a Baseball

You 're going into play? An instant more
And yours the eyes of thousands. There 's for you
Huge plaudits welcoming the needed score,
Deep disapprovals at misplays they view,
And, best of all, the eager silence there
When, swift from bat or hand, you hang in air.

Golfing by the Fire

Ere yet the evening lights are lit,
When you beside the fender sit,
And all the dusking house is still,
Then give to Memory her will,
And with her buoyant backward go
To those dead days, a radiant span,
Shaped for the merriment of man,
Before the links were sown with snow!

How could a golfer's thews but thrive
From day-long brassie-stroke and drive?
Two hundred yards—an added score!
Ah, how the smitten ball did soar!
And then, and then, was ever seen
Of skill a subtler showing made,
Since golfer at St. Andrew's played?—
"Dead" by the hole upon the green!

Thus o'er and o'er your prowess some

Portentous hazard will o'ercome;

From desperate, deep-sunken ''lies''

As though by magic you will rise;

And when at last you count the score,

Although you foozle at the start,

How you will thrill with pride at heart

To always be one up—or more!

— Clinton Scollard.

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